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P O E M
TO THE
K I N G.

K. George.



L O N D O N :

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P O E M

TO THE

K I G



L O D O N

Printed for J. DODD, at the
Sign of the Ship, in St. Pauls Church-yard.
1711.



POEM, &c.



E *Persians* like, the Rising Sun

[adore,

And bid you Welcome to the *Bri-*

[*tish* Shore,

Where we had felt the *Darkness*

[of the Night,

Had not a *Radiant Star* diffus'd its Light,

Which with a *Glory* all around so shone,

That scarce the *Absence* of the *Sun* was

[known.

Sweet, yet commanding was its Influence ;

It Warmth, and Life, and Vigour did di-

[spense :

Sur-

Surrounded with an Ocean of Delight ;
 With trembling Joy we view'd *the Awful Sight*.
 That *Humble Saint* at *Rome*, so tympaniz'd
 With *Pomp* and *Vanity*, had been surpriz'd,
 T' have seen its *Grace*; *Nassau* and God accurs'd ;
 He'd ro'd and foam'd, with Indignation burst.
 Longer had here our Eyes and Wonder staid ;
 By Superstition we had been betray'd,
 And Adoration to its Lustre paid ;

But You, *Great Princess*, who regarded more
 Th' *Illustrious George* than *Charles* th' Empe-
 [ror ;

Whether we will or no, we must adore.
 That Air of Majesty in You is seen,
 Nought but a *Crown* can make you more a
 [Queen.

Grandeur and Beauty at Contention are,
 Which may most justly claim the greater Share.
 Your awful Smiles such Modesty command,
 Ladies, as Vestal Nymphs, around you stand,
 Whose Fires are by your purer Breathings fann'd.
 One wou'd be apt to think the Fiction true,
 That Gods beget, when we your *Person* view.

So bright an Object had the *Persian* seen,
Esther had been divorc'd, and you made Queen :
 He overcome by your more powerful Charms,
 Had happy Pris'ner been within those Arms ;
 Where the sole Empire of your Love obtain'd,
 The Empire of the World he had disdain'd :

Charm'd

Charm'd by your Heat and Beauty he no more
Had seen that Sun which he ador'd before.

But in our Words while thus our Joy runs o're,
Others with bleeding Hearts their Loss deplore;
To whom you have your self so much endear'd,
That you are equally belov'd and fear'd.
They Statute-Law as Tyranny condemn;
You are a Law both to your Self and them:
For they no Law but what's your Pleasure know,
And such *that* is they're pleas'd to have it so.
Their *Magna Charta* is your gen'rous Heart;
It's all in all, and all in ev'ry Part.
Th' *Immortal Man* lies mould'ring in his Tomb,
His Name more odious than his Corps become.
You an *Elysium* are of sweet Delight,
Your *Vertues* captivate, your *Smiles* invite.
With what Contention Princes in Distress,
Beg to your croud'd Court to have Access?
That o're their Heads you'd deign to strike your
[Sword]
And make them rise up at your Sovereign Word,
Stadtholders, Dukes, Electors, *Langraves*, Czars;
Or what Names else sound big in Peace or Wars.
Thus Kings your All-commanding Sword orde-
[lights
To make, as did your Predecessors, Knights:
As Umpire of the Christian World you stand,
And hold its *Balance* with a steady Hand;
As Mild and Merciful in Peace you are,
As Dreadful in the *Agonies* of War.

Thou

Thou *Mirror*, and thou *Prodigy* of Kings !
 What sweet Confusion on our Spirits brings
 That Soft and Dove-like Temper which we find
 Prevailing in so brave and great a Mind ?

Had your *Britannia* such an Heart as you,
 To Laws she might for ever bid adieu :
 Our Thralldom and our Neighbours to prevent,
 There'd be no need of this *Your* Parliament ;
 It wou'd be soon dissolv'd, or else thought fit,
 Not Seven Years, but Sev'nty Sev'n to sit.
 And here we long Your Majesty to meet,
 Our Lives and Fortunes prostrate at Your Feet :
 In whom our *genuine* Saxon Monarchs have
 A *glorious* Resurrection from the Grave.
 Yet for true *Sterling* some dar'd to obtrude
 The *Shapeless* Bullion of the Multitude ;
 And no less sacred held a *Perkin's* Crown,
 Than th' Image that from *Jupiter* came down.
 By * Faith in *Arms* they only understand
 To appear for Popery with Sword in Hand.
 Passive Obedience has incurr'd of late,
 What was of old the fam'd *Titbanus* Fate ;
 Its wither'd Dotage only can rejoice
 In the Remains but of an Empty Voice.
 The Vaunting *Dymock* not on safer Ground
 Performs the Challenge, when the King is
 [crown'd,

* *Fides Armata.* Tertullian.

Than these Men *kiss the Book*, and take the Oaths
 For Fashion's Sake, as Ladies wear their Cloaths.
 To damn their Souls against their King to fight,
 Is their Religion and their *Free-Born Right*.
 Let not the Papists only be disgrac'd,
 And *Guido's* Lantern in our View be plac'd,
 When Protestants for Pop'ry fight bare-fac'd.

Orford betray'd his Trust in that he spoke,
 To *France* in Thunder, and in Clouds of
 [Smoke :

And learned *King* in pleading for the Laws,
 Has done Disservice to the Church's Cause.
 A *Cowper, Parker, Cobham, Stanhope, Bing,*
 But mean Idea's to their Fancy bring,
 Who'd have no *GEORGE*, but *James* the 3d
 [their King.]

And *Hollis* who wou'd willingly lay down
 His Ducal Coronet to fix your Crown ;
 For all the Noble Efforts of his Zeal,
 Is but a Nufance to the Common-weal.
 Against the Statutes *Eyre* will not declare ;
 He therefore ought to be arraign'd at *Bar* :
 Where † once as Criminals to stand more fit
 We Judges had, than on the *Bench* to sit.

† In *James* the II'd's Reign.

Back

Back to the *Tow'r* bold *Walpole* shou'd be sent,
 And the Report and Act of Settlement
 At *Tyburn* posted, found a *Call, Repent.*

Against a *Townsbend* (than whom *Utica*,
 One more resolv'd a *Roman* never saw,)
 For *Barrier-Treaty* and Succession sign'd,
 Shou'd not the Commons freely speak their
 [Mind ?

While *Sunderland* attempts a tow'ring Flight,
 The People's Darling, and the Bard's Delight :
 Through Maze of Government he safely steers ;
 For Honesty was always void of Fears :
 The Muses and the Graces sweet Content,
 Who may alone a Senate represent ;
 Yet who more worthy thought of Banish-
 ment ?

Cadogan next appears, whose mighty Name
 Is heard as far as is the Trump of Fame,
 Yet had they rather see a Mitre set
 On *Lesley's* Brows, than his a Coronet.

But will they not great *Manchester* revere,
 Whose Beck commands, whose Words Credentials
 [are ?
 Here to extoll, wou'd be but to depress,
 By magnifying him, we make him less :
 Yet by no Means at Council shou'd he sit,
 His upright Soul bespeaks him so unfit,

Say

ay they, who wou'd determine all Debates,
Only by Pensioners to Foreign States.

Shou'd some kind Genius bring me *David's*
[Lyre,
And *Salem's* King, not *Phœbus* me inspire,
I'd sing of *Talbot*, from whose sacred Quill,
Waters of Life in Crystal Streams distill.
I wou'd on *Nebo*, not *Parnassus*, stand,
And thence like *Moses* view the Holy Land :
Happy that See where'ere he's pleas'd to sit !
That's honour'd more by him, than he by it.
(A noble Subject for the Muses Theme !
He shuns those Praises, which his Merits claim.)
Yet at his *Badge* wou'd Envy cast her Dart,
In Hope of missing it, to strike his Heart.

To *Doddington* my Harp was never strung ;
His Worth's immortal as is *Waller's* Song.
Had he the *Western* Hemisphere forsook,
And *Eastward* travell'd, by his Mein and Look,
He for some King, not † Vice-Roy had been }
took. }
Forbear my Muse, and leave the rest to Fame, }
Him to commend is only him to Name ; }
Yet who for such Perfection more to blame ? }

† His Majesty's Lieutenant in *Somersetshire*.

For Medal stamp'd with the *Pretender's* Face,
 Shou'd not a Court of Advocates *say Grace*,
 And *Schutz* be justly brought into Disgrace,
 Who'd have a Duke of *Cambridge* take his Place?
 They in the *Strand* wou'd feast; the monstrous
 [Head
 Of Heresy they under Foot wou'd tread.

Bothmar's Memorial, and the *Crisis* are
 Heretical, and both alike shou'd fare:
 But in Defence of *Right Hereditary*
 Who draws his Sword, and says an *Ave Mary*,
 How can his Cause, much less his Soul, mis-
 carry?

They're for a Popish Declaration spread
 Before the Lord, devoutly to be read;
 For to that Height of Madness they are come,
 The Church of *England* must by that of *Rome*
 Be propt, and who in *Balaam's* Steps e're trod,
 Commence the *Israel* and Priests of God.
 The Idol of the Mass they'd be content
 To elevate as high's the Monument.
 Out of the *Kalendar* they fain wou'd blot
 King *William's Landing*, and the *Powder-Plot*.

(Oh! cou'd I here convert the *Thames* to
 Wine,
 And make the *Avon* like a *Tagus* shine,
 'Twould be too small an Off'ring at his Shrine.
 To

To speak of Statues here my Muse forbids ;
 Of Arches, Obelisks, or Pyramids :
 For when we him, *Great Sir*, behold in you,
 Those Objects are too mean for such a View.
 You for a sinking World then undertook,
 When Heav'n and Hell, Kingdoms and Empires }
 shook, }
 And this our *Goshen* did all *Egypt* look.
 The Revolution-Wonder is out-done,
 By Heav'n, in fixing You thus on the Throne.)

All is but Cant, and a religious Sham,
 Which our *Elijah* spake of late at *Cham* ;
 As *Asaph's* Preface, *Ely's* Charge shou'd Flame. }
 Unless his Clerks into Sedition leads, }
 Stanch *Hoadly's* Pen, he for *Geneva* pleads :
 The Scene is chang'd, and even at *Whitehall*,
Romans the 13th grown Apocryphal.

Fam'd *Addison* has won the Golden Fleece,
 Comes laden with the Spoils of *Rome* and
 [Greece.

Cato Alive to *Cato* Dead but sneaks ;
 In's Urn more nobly than the Senate speaks :
 Yet since he flily in a *Cato's* Name
 Says not a little to some Patriots Shame, }
 Let both the Gods and *Cato* him disclaim. }
 He that wou'd understand these *Flights* had
 [need
 Inverted be, and stand upon his Head.

Had but *Orestes* seen these furious Men,
He to his Wits had been restor'd again.

The strait-lac'd Spirit of the Hat as well
Becomes a Ceremonious *Coterell*,
As a Crown Protestant their *Dot'rell*-Heads,
Who to *Madonnas* cringe, and tell their Beads.

But since in Heaven Angels did rebel,
And therefore justly were cast down to Hell ;
No wonder that a *Luciferian* Race
Of *High-flown Rebels* fir'd in your Face,
Lord Chamberlain of Heav'n , the Pope (whose
[Keys
Open and shut the Door, when e're they please)
In his Pontificals the mean Time fate,
That Heav'n the good-old Cause wou'd fortu-
[nate,

But in th' *Olympicks* as a Noble Soul
Did *Carpenter* the Pow'rs of Hell controul ;
Rush'd in, and to his never-dying Glory,
Their *Preston* made a dreadful Purgatory :
Tremendous was the Sight, it flaming stood,
A Town on fire amidst a Sea of Blood:
Heaps upon Heaps the wretched Caitiffs fell,
With Dispositions full of Blood and Hell :
In whose wild Looks there nothing did appear,
But Dread, Confusion, and mishapen Fear.

While

While in the Air in shining Armour dress'd,
Nassau was seen and thus himself express'd :
 " From bless'd Abodes of universal Peace,
 " Where Names of Parties and Contentions
 [cease;
 " Where no Ears are alarmed with the Sounds
 " Of Wars, and Tumults, Battels, Blood, and
 [Wounds,
 " I come ; th' Almighty *Jove* has sent me down,
 " T'ensure to *GEORGE* once mine, but now his
 [Crown,
 This said, thrice shouting to the *West* he veer'd,
 And flourishing his Sword he disappear'd,

When from behind the Scenes was heard a
 [Voice,
 Let Heav'n above and Earth beneath rejoice :
Fal'n, fal'n, is Babylon ; this Earth no more
 Shall be discolour'd by the Scarlet Whore ;
 Nor e're her Train be held up at *Whitehall*,
 But she as *Jezebel* accurs'd shall fall :
 At this th' alarmed Conclave Thunder-struck,
 Did each of them as *Belteshazzars* look ;
 The Porph'ry-Idol shudder'd in his Chair,
 And thought the Day of Judgment drawing
 [near,
 Among the *Silent Gads* in Armour stood,
Dispensing James bedew'd with Sweat and Blood,
 And pray'd in vain for Help from *Holy-Rood*. }

In

In vain more † *Northern* *Vot'ries* now bring in
 Their Equipage to furnish out a King,
 As did the *Israelitish* Dames of old,
 Their shining Pomp to make a Calf of Gold.

Cou'd but that late *Right Reverend Man of God,
 Than whom a more upright scarce ever trod
 On *Claudia's* Pavement, on his Throne of Bliss,
 O're *Rome* see such a Victory as this,
 How wou'd he on those Stars of Glory call,
 On *Cranmer*, *Hooper*, *Latimer*, and all
 Who by their Martyrdoms did Heav'n forestall,
 To join with him, and the great *Tillotson*,
 In a Seraphick Epinichion ?

Some Aspect sure on this Transaction had
 Brave *Carlisle's* elevated Soul and Blade,
 Which Low-Church Militant Triumphant made :
 And thus by Dint of Sword its *Nadir* past,
 She on th' ascending Side is got at last.

Yet *Canterbury* is a *Tory* grown,
 For their Suspension who his *George* disown ;
 For what in Charge he to his Prelates gave,
 That we may better Priests and People have ;
 That thus the rescu'd Mitre and the Crown,
 From a Relapse secur'd may ne're fall down.
 May he against proud *Amalek* long stand,
 An *Aaron* to support our *Moses's* Hand ;

† *Scotland.*

* *Dr. Fowler*, late Bishop of *Gloucester*.

And

And *Blandford's* Glory, matchless for Renown,
Two Kingdoms honour'd by a single Town.

Eaton may Bishops yield, and Suffragans,
'Tis *Blandford* gives you Metropolitans :

Yet cou'd her *Dorset* justly boast of late,
That of her Sons five Mitred Fathers sate.

One wou'd have thought th' Illustrious *Sackville's*

[Name

More than enough t' have rais'd a Kingdom's

[Fame :

That's not enough, your † *Dorsetania* shows

Her *Trenchards*, *Henleys*, *Erles*, and *Marlboroughs* :

Thus as her *Pit's* fam'd *Gem*, of Price too great }

For any petty State, or Cabinet, }

She begs that in your Crown she may be set.

'Twas here great *Bristol*, as from Heaven sent,

Thro' ev'ry Deanery his Progress went ;

And to his Loyal Charge so much we owe,

That whom it found not Loyal, it made so.

Long may you live, easy and safe at Home,
Address'd and fear'd by Suppliant *France* and

[*Rome* ;

For in the *Turks* not standing *Eugene's* Fire,

Some Christians Hopes determine and expire :

There with your *Marlbro'* had your *Eugene* been,

Th' *Horse Tail* erected had no more been seen.

† *Dorsetshire*, *Horweden*.

May you in ev'ry Court in *Europe* gain
One like successful to your *Bubb* in *Spain*,
Whose early Years such riper Conduct show,
Age seems to dwell upon his youthful Brow.

May ev'ry Mansion, where your Muses are,
A Guardian Angel like your *Blackburne* share,
That *Statutes* may not as old *Merlins* fare. }

May your whole Reign in Glory still increase,
As *Anna's* did before th' *Inglorious Peace* :
Civily dead, enthron'd 'twas her sad Fate,
As others, not to lye but sit in *State* :
Her later Reign an *Inter-regnum* was,
We by the Mob were govern'd, not the Laws.
Her Subjects and all *Europe* to enthrall,
She nothing did, yet *Some* by her did all.
May you by no such *Vipers* be annoy'd,
(Bliss to be wish'd, too great to be enjoy'd !)
Men will be Men ; Temptations will prevail,
And Knaves be Knaves by Wholesale or Retail :
Their Plots as secretly they'll carry on,
As the late Treaty was of Peace begun,
'Till they, their Friends, and Countrey are un- }
[done.]

Like some who shew their Genius and their Bent,
By Hope forlorn, the wish'd-for *Swedes* Descent.

May *Jove*, the Guardian of his Image, Kings,
Over your Throne spread his propitious Wings.
Long

Long live ! and when Your *Glorious Reign* is done
 May *George of Wales* ascend th' Imperial
 [Throne,
 No less by Merit than by Claim his own.
 And blazon'd in the Heraldry of Fame,
 In shining Capitals shall stand your Name.

And may that *Flight of Phoenixes* come o're,
 Ner'e dye, or dead, produce as many more;
 That so the *Illustrious Hanoverian Line*,
 Like that by *Phœbus* trac'd may ever shine ;
 To which resounds of all the loud, *Amen*,
 But *Paul's Non-juring Church of England Men*.

*Of fam'd Paraphrase, where his Subject gain'd,
 How to immortal themselves in song they strain'd;
 George was their wisest Theme, and none but He
 A Subject meet for their Divinity;
 Which to adorn, Gamp by a special Writ
 Is commond with the Triple Time to fit,
 Whose artful Lays did so excel, that they
 Rang by their Harps, and blushing stole away,
 While Fines and Coblers in a noisy throng,
 Did bow and listen to the wondrous song;
 Behold the furious King, the Raging Duke,
 Rer by their disappointed selves accurs'd.*

*Astonish'd and surpris'd, the trustful God
 Approv'd their Conduct, gave a Reverend Word:
 And as he was descending from the Hill,
 He saw a Star, that shone with light divine.*

To Sir SAMUEL GARTH, *Knt.*
M. D.

While musing thus, me-thought *Apollo* went
With all the Sacred Nine up the Ascent
Of fam'd *Parnassus*, where its Summit gain'd,
How to surmount themselves in Song they strain'd:
George was their mighty Theme, and none but He
A Subject meet for their Divinity;
Which to adorn, *Garth* by a special Writ
Is summon'd with the Triple Trine to fit,
Whose artful Lays did so excel, that they
Flung by their Harps, and blushing stole away,
While Pines and Cedars in a num'rous Throng,
Did bow and listen to the wondrous Song:
Beneath the Envious pin'd, the Raging burst'd,
E'en by their disappointed selves accurs'd.

Astonish'd and surpriz'd, the *tuneful God*,
Approv'd their Conduct, gave a Reverend Nod:
And as he was descending from the Hill,
Where e're he made a Stand, there did distill

An *Helicon*, where oft to take a Whet,
Old *Æsculapius* and *Apollo* met;
Which than an *Alkali* was no less good,
T' imbibe their Acids, dulcify their Blood.

Welcome *Pythagoras*, *Zeno* adieu :
Orpheus transanimated breathes in you.

Thus *Egbert* in great *GEORGE* resumes the
[Throne,
By Transmigrations more accomplish'd grown :
His Predecessors in his spacious Train
Of Glories lost, as Rivers in the Main.

F I N I S.



An Helicon, where oft to take a Whet
Old Aeschylus and Apollo met;
Which than antiquity was not a good
T' imitate their style, dulcely their blood.

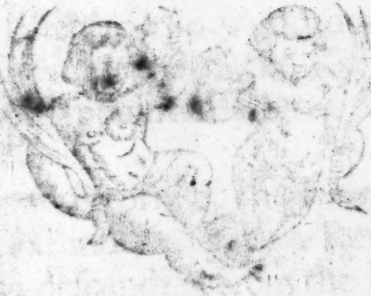
Welcome Parnassus, New edition:
Orpheus transmitted breath in you.

Thus Egeus in great GEORGE resumes the
Throne,

By Transmigration more accomplish'd grown
His Pedagogue in his spacious Train
Of Glories lost, as RICHARD the Main



F I N I S



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